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TO-DAY

WITH every rising of the sun,
Think of your life as just begun.

The past has shrived and buried deep
All yesterdays; there let them sleep,
Nor seek to summon back one ghost
Of that innumerable host.
Concern yourself with but to-day.
Woo it, and teach it to obey
Your will and wish. Since time began
To-day has been the friend of man;
But, in his blindness and his sorrow,
He looks to yesterday and to-morrow.
You, and to-day! A soul sublime,
And the great pregnant hour of time,
With God Himself to bind the twain!
Go forth, I say, attain, attain!

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Some Andhra Women Poets

By ROHINI

ANDHRA-desa has ever been a home of progress and culture, and many are the women, who, though very conservative in some branches of life, and illiterate according to Western ideals of education, are still well-read in their own mother-tongue, taking a great deal of pleasure in writing and reading Telugu literature. Such women are not famous in the world in general, yet are well-known in their own quiet circles, and usually contribute freely to contemporary Telugu Magazines. They are highly cultured and educated, and their standard of work is usually very classical.

Ancient Andhra also had a number of women poets, and it is strange to find that Mrs. Macnicol has omitted them completely from her little book entitled, "Poems by Indian women," while mentioning the works by women of almost every other Indian language. A very comprehensive article, however, was published in the ***Triveni*** some months ago, written by Mr. V. N. Bhushan, B.A., F.P.S. (LOND), entitled, "Some women-Poets of Ancient Andhra." According to him, "Andhra-desa has had its women-singers who have bridled the Pegasus to the envy and applause of their contemporary literatures. Of such women who, shunning the limelight, proved to be perennial sources of poetic ecstasy to their lovers or their lords, instances are numerous in Telugu literature, for women inevitably were, and still are, the inspirers of the thoughts of men." He mentions a few poetesses of Ancient Andhra, who are worthy of commendation, three of them, Molla, Muddu Palani and Venkamamba, being rather conspicuous, "as having contributed something substantial to Telugu Literature."

"*Kummari*" *Molla* belonged to the Nellore District and was born of humble parents of the potter's caste. She refused, however, to learn her trade, but busied herself with literature instead, and especially with the Ramayana. To translate the Valmiki-Ramayana was her great wish, which she finally achieved with well-earned success, for it was "a literary feat of no mean order." Though she has written nothing more, she became well-known for this one work of hers, which is popular even today. As Mr. Bhushan says, "She was gifted with an easy flow of style, pithy expression, simple and figurative phraseology, and naive power of narration", that could not easily be equalled.

Muddu Palani was a courtesan in the court of Pratapasimha of Tanjore. She wrote, *Radhika-Santvanam*, the ***Heart of Radhika***, which is a rare piece of work.

Venkamamba was born in the 19th century in the Cuddapah District. Her husband died when she was still young. In course of time she went to the mountain, where Lord Venkatesa was said to dwell and wrote *Venkatachela Mahatmya*. She also wrote *Bhagavata* and *Muktikantavilasam*. They are spiritual works, and are still known in Telugu literature.

Telugu is known as the "Italian of the East," and it is not surprising that such a beautiful language should have so many fair exponents of its delicate intricate structure. The women-poets of Andhra-desa will live for ever.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Poet and Playwright [1564-1616]

By LELAND J. BERRY

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, the birthplace of William Shakespeare, is a literary Mecca. Indeed, it is a great deal more; it is a gem of scenic beauty, and of great historical interest to all. Situated centrally in England upon the banks of the broad River Avon, Stratford attracts thousands of visitors a year from all parts of the world who seek the shrine of the greatest man the literary world has ever known. Into the town they pour, from India, Ceylon, Japan, America, France, Germany—all to pay tribute to a noble man.

Stratford is roughly 22½ miles from my own house, a distance which gives me ample opportunity of studying its history, visitors and points of interest, at close range. Its points of interest are many—and varied. Chief of these I would say is the house in which Shakespeare was born, April 23rd, 1564. For more than two centuries it has been the shrine of devout pilgrims, and upon my last visit to this old-world, lattice-windowed house I was more than amazed to find it in good repair, having suffered no apparent injury from the countless thousands of feet that had trod through and through the narrow timbered rooms since the pilgrimage began. In each of the six rooms in the house there are guides and attendants who explain the various exhibits and the curious old books and papers to the wondering crowd that continually flocks through.

Clopton Bridge, which spans the Avon with nineteen arches, is a solid structure of grey stone, was built in 1490 and is still quite sound. Halls Croft is a magnificent specimen of old English architecture with its old garden and timbered front; this was for sometime the residence of Susanna Shakespeare, the poet's eldest daughter.

America has long revered the memory of William Shakespeare and probably there are more American visitors to Stratford than any other nationality, but in the main street of Stratford there is a little house that always flies the American flag. This is Havard House which was built by Alderman Thomas Rogers, whose descendant, John Havard founded the world-famous American University bearing his name. This house too has many thousands of visitors a year.

Great interest is shown in the cottage at Shottery, one mile from the centre of Stratford, in which Ann Hathaway, the Poet's wife, lived. At the top of the main street, nearly opposite to where Marie Corelli, the world-famous novelist, lived, is the old timbered Grammar School or the King Edward VI School, founded by Thomas Jolyffe, a priest, in the reign of Edward VI.

In 1597, William Shakespeare bought the largest house in Stratford town, New Place, and this was the scene of the Poet's retirement and last residence. He went to live in this quiet old house with the formal intention of revising and issuing a new edition of his place and poems, but unhappily, worn out with hard work, he died of some nervous disorder, April 23rd, 1616.

A few years ago in a commanding position on the banks of the River Avon, stood the Shakespeare Memorial Buildings, consisting of a Library, Picture Galleries, Lecture Rooms, Museum, View Tower, Gardens and Sculpture. But unfortunately, in some mysterious manner most of these magnificent buildings were destroyed in a disastrous fire a few years ago. They are shortly to be replaced by a very modern style of buildings, the plans of which have roused much critical comment. The foundation stones have indeed been laid, and it is very gratifying to find that America's admiration of Shakespeare is so great that the citizens of the United States of America head the subscrip-

tion list for the building of the New Shakespeare Memorial Buildings with no less a sum than a quarter of a million sterling. Nearly all of the valuable pictures housed in the Gallery were saved from the ravages of the fire, and when they are finally given a home in the building that is in course of erection they will be the largest known collection of pictures in oils or print connected with the life and works of Shakespeare.

In High Street, we have the Cage where Judith, the Poet's youngest daughter, lived for thirty-six years after her marriage with Thomas Quiney. The Town Hall, which is quite an interesting place, was built as early as 1633, and was later re-built in 1768 from the proceeds of the Garrick Jubilee.

But for really interesting ancient structure we turn our attention to the Holy Trinity Church, a portion of which, I believe, dates back to A. D. 692. In the Chancel of this old world Church, in the most honoured position, lie the remains of the great Poet, and above his grave is the following cryptic inscription upon a dark stone:—

Good frend, for Jesus' sake, forbeare,
To digg the dust encloased here :
Bleste be a man that spares these stones,
And crust be he that moves my bones.

This inscription is, of course, written in very old English, and readers will observe that the spelling of certain words is very curious as compared with the present-day English style. The only record preserved that directly relates to Shakespeare's death, which may be real or fictitious, is in the ancient Diary belonging to Ward wherein is written :—

"Shakespeare, Drayton and Ben Jonson (another poet) had a merry meeting, and, it seems, drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a fever there contracted."

Shakespeare's widow survived her illustrious husband seven years, dying in the month of August, 1623.

Historians are of decided opinion that Shakespeare whilst in London, became an actor in Lord Strange's company, playing at various theatres in and around Shoreditch. Numerous bands of wandering actors and players had visited Stratford during the Poet's boyhood and it is presumed that he was fired, upon witnessing these performances, with an ardent longing for a similar vocation, and so found his way to London, which in those days, as now, was the main centre for all theatrical work.

Here the Poet played for some considerable time, taking the part of a king in several pieces, the ghost in *Hamlet*, and also a prominent part in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*, until in about 1603 he retired from the stage, for he did not greatly love the profession of an actor. He felt that it lowered his prestige to no little extent, for, as may be judged from his writings, Shakespeare always considered himself a gentleman of noble birth and good breeding, and all his associates were gentlemen too.

With regard to his writings, nothing has been found that was written by Shakespeare earlier than 1593, which goes to prove he did not commence to write in earnest until he had attained the age of twenty-eight. In 1593, we find he published a poem called *Venus and Adonis*, which was addressed, in the dedication, to Henry Wriothesly (Earl of Southampton) ; and in 1594 a further poem was published, *The Rape of Lucrece*, which was also dedicated to that nobleman. The first of these poems, *Venus and Adonis*, upon publication, made a very good impression on the public, rapidly running into six or seven editions, the last of which appeared about 1602. We cannot say exactly when the great Poet actually wrote his first play, but it was not much later than 1597 or thereabouts, for then the texts of *Richard II*, *Richard III*, and *Romeo and Juliet* were published.

Apparently Shakespeare himself had little, or even nothing, to do with the publication of his plays at any time. It has been remarked by many lovers of his works that they are astonished that he should have tolerated such harum-scarum methods as the publishers and printers of those days adopted. The following table gives roughly the various dates of publication of his plays as

compiled by William M. Rossetti in a very old and precious edition in my possession.

In 1593 were published *Love's Labour Lost*, and *Henry IV*, Part I; in 1600, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Henry IV*, Part II, *Much Ado About Nothing*, and a second edition of *Titus Andronicus;* in 1602, *The Merry Wives of Windsor;* in 1903, *Hamlet*, an unauthorised edition, which was later followed in 1604 by a corrected edition; in 1608, *King Lear*; in 1609, *Troilus and Cressida*, and *Pericles*. Other plays, not distinctly accounted for as to year of writing, publication, or presentation, are,— *As you Like it* (about 1902), *Julius Caesar*, and *Twelfth Night* (about 1602), *Measure for Measure*, and *Othello* (about 1604), *Macbeth* (about 1610), *Winter's Tale* (about 1611), *Taming of the Shrew*, *Henry VI*, *Anthony and Cleopatra*, *Timon of Athens*, *Coriolanus*, *Cymbeline*, *Henry VIII*, and *the Tempest*. The last named play is regarded by many to be Shakespeare's last. Over and above the foregoing, previous to 1598, the following plays had been produced on the stage:—

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, *Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labour Won* (probably identical to *All's Well that Ends Well*) and *King John*.

Shakespeare courted Royal favour; that is obvious from his writings. During his life his sonnets and plays were spoken of by envious competitors as "his sugared sonnets for private friends." Who can blame Shakespeare for doing this? The only path to fame lay in that direction; others had tried and failed, Shakespeare was more than successful. His plays were produced at Court under the delighted patronage of Queen Elizabeth, and her successor King James I. A vicar, named Ward, who lived in Stratford for some time, kept a Diary of the more important business of Stratford from 1648 to 1679, and in it is recorded the fact (of doubtful origin) that Shakespeare supplied the stage with two plays per year, and from this he received so large an allowance that he spent at the rate of a thousand pounds per annum.

The richness of Shakespeare's vocabulary was the secret of his wonderful success in play-writing. It has been computed that he used no fewer than 15,000 words, whilst even so great a poetic successor as Milton used only about 8,000. It would appear that Shakespeare, besides being well-learned in surgery, medicine, navigation, war, chemistry, printing, necromancy and music, was also versed in French and Italian, for a number of his plays are founded on Italian originals of which no contemporary translation can be traced.

Shakespeare must have soon tired of London, for we learn that after a few years spent there he began earnestly to prepare for an ultimate retirement in Stratford-on-Avon. We are told that in 1597 he bought the very best house in Stratford, a place called New Place, for the sum of £60, which, in comparison with the present value of money, must have been a very large sum in those days. In 1602, he bought for £320, some 107 acres of land in the Parish of Stratford, and in the same year some properties in the Town. He made his largest purchase of property in the year 1605, when he bought for the sum of £440 the remaining thirty-one years of lease of the tithes of Stratford, Old Stratford, Welcombe, and Bishopton. Other facts of similar dealings, and one or two records of prosecutions for debt, in one case against a man named Rogers, and in another a man named Addenbrooke, proved that Shakespeare was a man of business, looking sharply after his own interests.

Shakespeare wrote 154 sonnets, which have long been a source of argument on the part of sundry historians and others. A large number of people maintain that these sonnets contribute little or nothing towards Shakespeare's biography, whilst others argue that they display a different literary style in his writing, whilst yet another group have said that he wrote them as a form of literary satire. However, let his sonnets be what they may, we cannot help but notice that they failed to win the popularity of his plays.

To leave the sonnets and revert to Shakespeare's life, it is probable that he was still resident in London in the year 1611, but, knowing well the charm and health-giving properties of his native town, he elected, in 1612, to change the glitter and glory of London for the peaceful quietude of Stratford-on-Avon, where he spent the remainder of his days.

He returned to his native heath, a true man of the world, with a saner and broader outlook on life than he had ever entertained before leaving there. Already, all the eyes of literary England were centred on Shakespeare, and it was not long before he was lauded by his fellow-townsmen as the greatest man in the whole world. His only son Hamnet died in 1596, his father in 1601, and his mother in 1608. Susanna Shakespeare, as I mentioned at the beginning of this article, lived in Halls Croft after her marriage to a Dr. Hall, a local physician of some eminence, and to them a daughter was born in 1608. Shakespeare's wife and his younger daughter Judith kept house with him, and in February 1616 he married this daughter to Thomas Quiney.

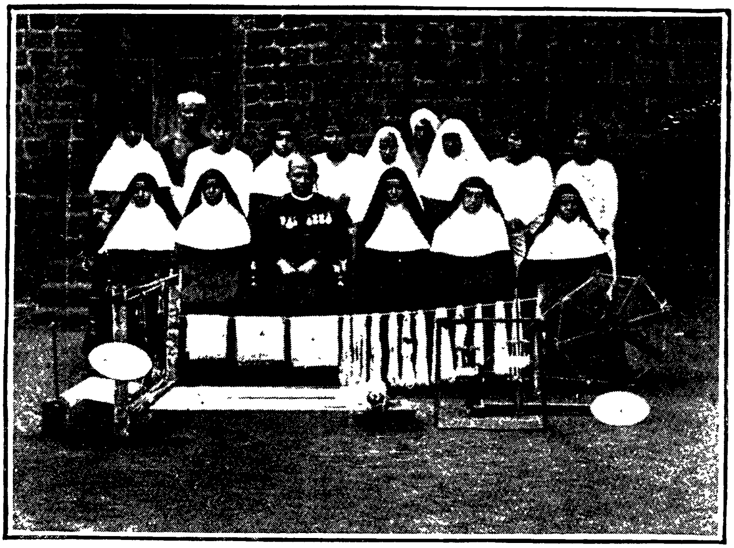
Some comment has been aroused by the Poet's will, in which he bequeathed all his lands, tenements, etc., to Susanna; a sum of £300 to Judith; and his second-best bed with its furniture, and a few trifling legacies to his wife. It is the insignificant bequest to his wife that has aroused the comments, for it appears to show the Poet held his wife in slight esteem, but it is almost certain that as the estates were freehold she was more than amply provided for by law in the form of dower. The Poet died, worth no large sum of money, which he must have spent freely during his life time, and it is also noticeable that his theatrical properties are not featured in his will, which goes to prove that these must have been disposed of some time previous to his death.

There are a few original portraits and busts of Shakespeare in existence, and also a number that are supposed to represent him. Principal among them we have the Stratford bust adjacent to the Poet's grave, the Droeshout engraving, the Chandos painting, the Jansen painting, and the Felton Head; there is also a deathmask, which, if it is accepted as authentic, is the only real likeness of them all. Both in Shakespeare's house at Stratford and in the Theatre Picture Gallery, there are numberless papers, books, engravings, pictures, curios, and busts that form a never-ending source of delight to both the historian and the ordinary layman.

I fully realise how impossible it is for the majority of you to ever visit the Poet's birth-place and glory in the atmosphere of his indefinable charm; so I have endeavoured to bring a little of it, through the medium of this article, to your own home, so that, knowing more of the Poet's inner life you will read his great works with a possible further enjoyment. To those of you who have not read Shakespeare I can only say, to do it at once, for you are missing the most beautiful gems of literary composition that we have ever had bequeathed to us. Remember Shakespeare went a long way in founding the present-day English style of prose. In the light of this, therefore, his works should hold a wealth of stimulating interest to all English-speaking people.

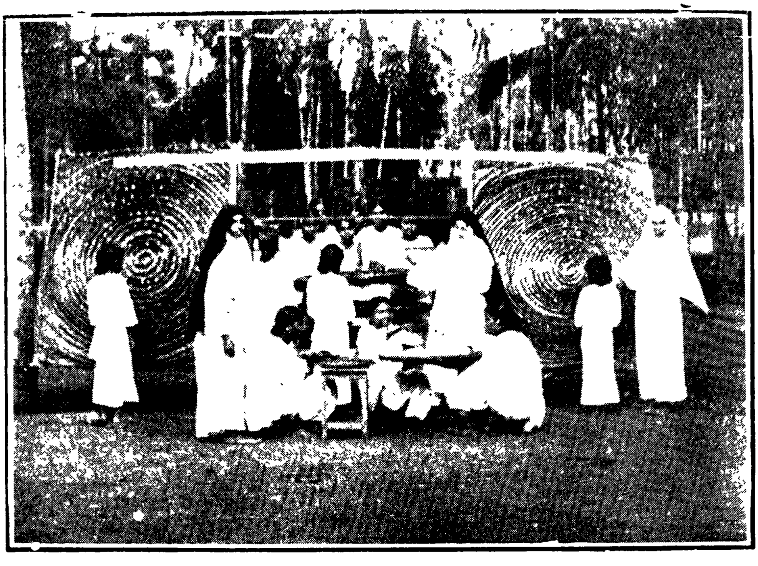
Shakespeare has been lionised by America. An offer was made some few years ago by that country for Shakespeare's house (the sum was colossal). The offer, needless to say, was refused by the English authorities, but if it had been accepted the Americans would have shipped the whole house over to America and re-built it, true to every detail, in some chosen spot. So much for America, but there are signs that India is recognising his greatgenius, for I see that in some instances plays have been given in native-language by eminent Indian Actors. It gives us great pleasure to observe this. Let us hope that his popularity will grow steadily year by year!

Silk-farming at St. Mary's Convent, Ollur, Cochin.



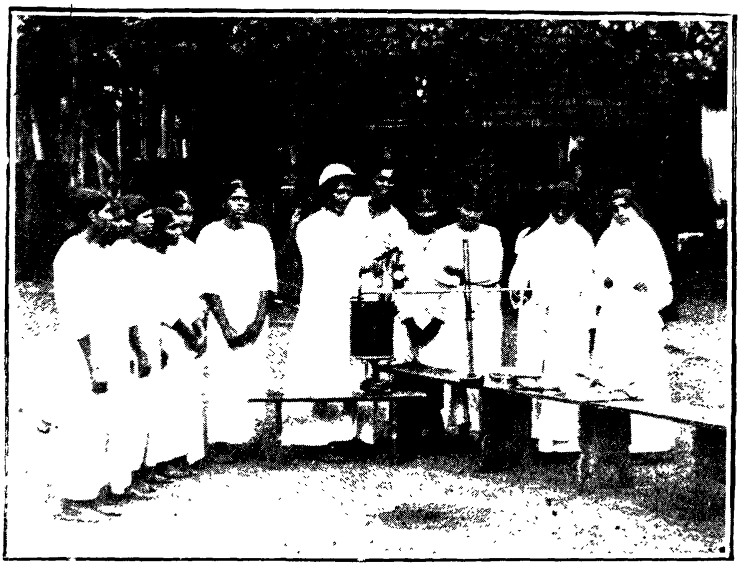
SILK WORK STAFF

PUPILS AT WORK IN THE MULBERRY GARDENS

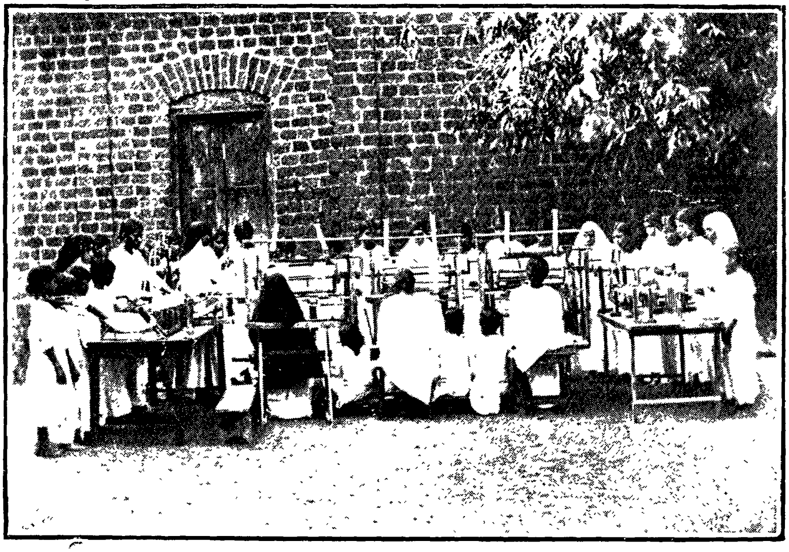


REARING OF SILK WORMS

PHOTOS BY R. VENKOBA RAO, SRIRANGAM



BLEACHING OF RAW YARN



SILK REELING ON HAND-MADE MACHINES,

made by Convent people, who are government medalists and diploma-holders.

PERIYAR = A BEAUTY SPOT

By V. THANGASWAMI

> " Earth has not anything to show more fair :
> Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
> A sight so touching in its majesty :
> ....
> ....
> ....
> ....
> ....
> Never did sun more beautifully steep
> In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;
> Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
> The river glideth at his own sweet will ;
> Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
> And all that mighty heart is lying still ! "......
>
> —*Wordsworth*

IT is remarkable how many of the great works of the engineer are concerned with the control of water, either in constraining it as a servant, or opposing it as an enemy. The canals joining river to river, the bridges reducing water to an ineffectual barrier, the dams which hold it in harness, the moles and embankments restraining it, the liners which traverse the sea, are all illustrations of one or other of these two aspects. The field covered by the engineer in this respect is wide, both in space and time, for, modern as these methods of control are frequently assumed to be, one has not to look far to realise in what remote pasts they were exercised on a considerable scale. The Romans were masters of the control of water, as is sufficiently evidenced by the impressive *Pont du Gard*, which, still standing, was built two thousand years ago as part of a 25-mile waterway to carry two rivers across a third one to the city of Nimes. This well-known monument of the engineering of the past might have been a wonder of the ages ; but to-day with the efflux of time and the progress of modern science we have results more astonishing and calculated only to eclipse the importance of what once passed for a veritable marvel decades ago. The Periyar Dam forms an impressive example of the work of the engineer in the control of water. How that dam came into existence is a story of modern engineering feat ; how the water has been forced to retreat is a revelation of the skill and patience of the engineer.

It was to this famous dam that some time ago we had an opportunity of going on a pleasure trip. One cool morning we left Gudalur in the Cumbum Valley (Madura District) by motor and travelled due West seven miles along a fine metalled road, which took us right into the heart of the Travancore Hills. The car took a remarkably meandering course, amidst tall giant trees whose thick foliage zealously warded off the sun's rays from us. The bright weather, the soothing breeze laden with the fragrance of forest flowers, the occasional flutter of birds that broke the graveyard-like silence of the scene, the purly brook that streamed its silvery course here and there, the hissing noise born of the leaves and twigs in seeming comradeship—all these made our journey an enchantment. Very soon we heard a thundering noise and came to a lovely spot, where a huge torrent of water rushed down a rocky slope and wafted into the air a perfectly white cloud of thin spray, whose

hoary appearance wore the aspect of a mid-winter day. This was the Periyar water. After flowing through miles of rocky path, it had found its way to level soil and narrowed itselfin to a channel of smooth, running water, the mighty fall creating a tremendous force. Motoring on for about fifteen minutes, we neared Thekadai, a Travancore frontier station. We got a view of the low, narrow, swampy marshes of the Periyar Lake with practically little or no water in it. Within almost a mile of Thekadai were the headworks of the lake where the flow-out was regulated by huge iron shutters worked by machinery. A searching look into the depths of the works, scarcely visible even with the aid of a powerful flash-light, simply made our heads whirl.

The enormous depth of the excavated works is for the express purpose of bringing down water from a high level to a low level, as otherwise the lake on account of its shallowness is apt to get dry, when no freshes occur. As the lake stretched full seven miles to the dam, we got into a motor boat arranged for the occasion. It steered its way between two rows of stumps of trees that lined the navigable route. Narrow as the lake was, we found forest-clad hills and evergreen slopes confronting us on either side. We saw them rising like the towering battlements of a fortress, a sight more enchanting than words can tell. It has been said that in human life there are moments worth ages, and if the reader has any eye for the beauty of Nature at all he will agree with me that there are also days which are worth whole months. We found ourselves transported to a land of dreamy ease and delight. Wherever we cast our eyes, we saw nought but lush vegetation, beautiful to behold. Speaking in the words of Wordsworth, the great Lakeland poet, one

> " Would gaze till it became
> Far lovelier, and your heart could not sustain
> The beauty, still more beauteous."

As one gazed on the distant scene, a raven or a heron crossed silently among the reflected clouds, while the voice of another bird, from the element aloft, gently awakened in the spectator a train of pleasing thoughts. The dam itself was a colossal piece of masonry structure stretching several feet in width; yet what indelibly impressed us was the fact that man, despite his " boast of heraldry and pomp of power," cannot ever transcend his own limitations and can certainly have no perfect control over the elemental forces.

As the poet tells us so perfectly,

> " ....the calm
> And dead still water lay upon my mind
> Even with a weight of pleasure, and the sky,
> Never before so beautiful, sank down
> Into my heart, and held me like a dream."

The lily's lips are pure and white, without a touch of fire;

The rose's heart is warm and red, and sweetened with desire.

In earth's broad fields of deathless bloom, the gladdest lives are those

Whose thoughts are as the lily and whose love is like the rose.

—*N. Waterman.*

The Late Dowager Maharani of Mysore

IT is with great grief that we hear of the death of this lady of blessed memory. The late H. H. Maharani Kempananjammani Vanivilasa Sannidhanavaru, mother of H. H. The Maharajah of Mysore, was a great woman and an ornament to her family and to her country. She was born in 1868, and belonged to the Kalele family, from which in olden days came the Commanders-in-chief of Mysore. Her husband, H. H. Sri Chamarajendra Wadiyar died in 1894, upon which she was appointed Maharani Regent to her son, the young Maharajah. Helped by an able Council, she carried on the Government for eight years. There was a great increase of revenue, which was in great measure due to improvements in cultivation and agriculture, so much so indeed, that some of the taxation upon gardens was reduced. Agricultural Banks, an agricultural chemist and a Laboratory for analysis of specimens, increased construction of wells, better village sanitation, famine relief measures, help to ryots, improved irrigation projects, were undertaken. A systematic Geological survey improved the gold-mining industry of Kolar, added to which was the Cauvery power installation of electricity. Indeed, the expenses for improvements increased so much that they overtopped the revenue increase.

There was much educational reform. Education expenses rose from 8¼ lakhs to 11½ lakhs, institutions increasing rapidly in number. Women's education was advanced, and the Maharani High School and College were organised. Hostels, classes for widows, special scholarships for foreign study and for indigenous art, better salaries for women teachers and more efficient inspection of schools were some of the improvements.

Public Works were also added to. Many new buildings were put up, some for public benefaction; new roads were constructed, new water-works and railway lines were opened. There was also much new medical relief. The number of municipalities increased, while village and town sanitation was improved. A Transport Corps was also organised for Imperial Defence.

Her late Highness was very popular, and led a life of integrity and honour. "Dignity and good sense" united with a disinclination for pomp and a dislike of interference in realms not her own; while much personal interest in outside affairs proved her love of country, for whose public good she always worked. Orthodox in religious matters, Her Highness was yet very charitable, sympathetic and kind-hearted, taking a personal interest in all the people around her. She was a good mother and a noble friend. She had plenty of humour. She was also a clever and wisely-capable woman. As Lord Curzon said of her: "I have pleasure in stating that the smooth progress of events during the minority (of H. H. the Maharajah) has been largely due to the unfailing tact and discretion of Her Highness. If I may be allowed to say so, she has set an example of public and domestic virtue which has been of equal value to her people and to her family and which has earned for her the admiration and respect of all."

The death of H. H. The Dowager Maharani at the comparatively early age of 65 is indeed a great loss. More women of her character and capability are needed in India.

It is the little, unnoticed acts of service to others; the cheerful and unanswering obedience to mother or mistress; the sharp retort unspoken; the faithful protest by silence, or by leaving the room, against unseemly or sinful talk; the patient endurance of the small worries of life—such are a few of the daily trifles which go to make up the life of perfection.

—E. M. Meynell

EDITOR'S NOTES

Ideals of Indian Women:

A clarion call to the women of India was sounded by Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, when she spoke to the women graduates of the Indian Women's University at Bombay, at their Annual Convocation. "You shall be the vessels of liberty and unity of future India," she said, adding that "the object of the University was not to isolate Indian women, but to train them up in a way most natural to them for citizenship and its responsibilities. True education recognised no geographical boundaries nor discriminated between one community or race and another. It made no distinction between Hindus and Muslims. Educated women, Mrs. Naidu asserted, should influence the destinies of their country. Their work, therefore, should be creative. Education should not be looked upon as so much knowledge in mental store-rooms."

We have here defined two of the objects of women's education. One is not to differentiate between communities and races. The other is to be trained in the way best suited to women's responsibilities. Still another aim has been laid down by none other than Mahatma Gandhi. "Not only in India, but all the world over, women alone have protected religion. Religion would not be protected either by books or propaganda, but by actively putting into practice what they preach and believe to be true religion," he said lately at Ahmedabad. The special power of patience and endurance of women, added to their capability of womanly influence, could do wonders, he averred in establishing ideals, one of the chief of which was the removal of the evil of Untouchability. That indeed was one of the chief tenets of religion, which should be observed. "Mothers never distinguish between their children though some of them are diseased. On the contrary they love the latter more. How can then the Almighty, who is the Creator of all of us, sanction such division as is rampant in India to-day? Mahatmaji, therefore, expected that the women of India would change men's hearts and take the credit for eradicating this evil from India, and start with giving Harijans better treatment in every possible way."

How different are such aims from the old-fashioned conservative ideal, put forward lately at Lahore by Bhai Paramanand, "that Hindu girls should be kept illiterate and within *purdah* till Hindus had learnt to protect them, and the community had developed a spirit of racial prestige and self-respect." He was reported to have said, "The present day education was unsuitable for their girls, who ought not to have been dragged to schools and colleges from their proper places, namely the home and children."

How can India progress with such aims before it? As Prof. Nambiar of the Ernakulam Maharajah's College said lately, there are many fallacies to

be exposed, one of which is "the plea that women's education resulted in the complication of matrimonial problems. Women had their place as units of the nation and they had to contribute their share to the nation's progress and welfare and he thought it was better to have fewer happier marriages, than many miserable ones."

Aims of Indian Women's Education:

How should Indian women be educated? Should they receive the same education as men, or have a different culture implanted in them? Mrs. Sarojini Naidu lately said, "To the average type of Indian woman, marriage and home were the ultimate good." But there are other types of women, some of them outstanding personalities, to whom a special environment is necessary to evolve their spiritual and other capabilities to their fullest, to fulfil their task.

This problem was lately discussed by H. H Ravi Varma, the eleventh Prince of Cochin, at the General Assembly of the Cochin Women Teachers' Association. The first point he put forward was that education, in accordance with Indian traditions, sentiments and culture, should be on national lines. As the "*Hindu*" reported: "Every attempt should be made to check the tendency to slavish imitation of the West, in the matter of dress, diet, customs and manners and even domestic relations. Indians could not become Western by merely aping the foreigners. An Ethiopean could not change his skin any more than a leopard its spots. It was true they had much to learn from the West. But in their craze for Westernisation, they should not forget their hoary Indian ideals and Indian traditions. Their knowledge of Western culture should not be acquired to the detriment of their own indigenous civilization and culture."

A second point was that home should be admitted by all as woman's most important sphere. No doubt, equality should be sought in all matters between men and women, but such equality should be compatible with the domestic ideal. No doubt again, there were gifted women in the world, who should be given a world-wide training; but "for ordinary women, house-keeping, tending and nursing of children and educating them were their legitimate functions. He added that he did not mean that they should remain mere ornamented dolls of their house-hold; they should be the real mistresses of their homes enjoying absolute freedom of movement and equality in the matter of ownership of property and marital relationships. He felt sure that if such conditions were enforced, the day would not be far distant when Indian women should occupy their legitimate place in society."

A third point brought out was that one of women's chief responsibilities was to train their children "along proper lines, so that they might be truthful, cultured and ever ready to take their place in life and acquit themselves with credit and honour to the country."

We bring to the notice of our readers that we offer a prize of Rs. 20/- for the best essay on the important subject of the kind of education which Indian women should get.

Details can be found on a later page.

The Late Madame Curie:

The death of Madame Curie on July 4, has removed from the world the name of an eminent woman scientist. Together with her husband, she was, as we know, the discoverer of radium. Her whole life was one of self-effort and service to others. She was born, we are told, at Warsaw in 1867, her father being a secondary school-master. After her schooling, she worked as a subordinate laboratory attendant in the Sarbonne Chemical Institute. But she was so capable that she soon became a research chemist, then, assistant to the Director, who afterwards became her husband. It was she, who, during her research work found the presence of an unknown substance. Her husband came to her aid, and radium was discovered in 1898. Madame Curie took up the preparation of pure salts of radium, while M. Curie worked out its properties. They were awarded the Nobel Chemistry prize in 1903.

M. Curie died suddenly in 1906, and his widow succeeded him as head of the Radium Institute. In 1910, the Royal Society of Great Britain gave her a Medal; in 1911, she received another Nobel Chemistry prize. Being a woman, she could not be elected to the French Academy; but she became a member of the Academy of Medicine. In 1920, she persuaded the Paris Municipal Council to set aside 2,500,000 francs for the purchase of two grammes of radium, which helped greatly in the cure of cancer. In 1929, she helped the Director of the Paris Chemical Institute to suggest a scheme for an industrial laboratory to train chemical engineers to amass the vast amount of material needed for a very small portion of radium. She also visited America, where she received £10,000 from American women to purchase just one gramme of radium to use in her researches. Her death was due to pernicious anæmia, contracted during the course of her dangerous work. Her loss is much to be regretted.

The Poona Seva Sadan Society:

This well-known *Home of Service* has, according to the *Hindu*, made good progress within its 23 years of existence. Its President is H. H. the Rani Saheb of Sangli, and two of its Vice-Presidents are the Dowager Rani Sahebs of Jamkhandi and of Jath. No less than 1320 women have been sent up into medical, professional and social lines of Service, a special feature being that about 250 poor women have been educated free. Six separate hostels are run by the Society, and 14 branches have been opened in different centres in and out of the Bombay Presidency. The education given by this Society "consists in providing facilities for medical education (I.L C.P. course, Midwifery, Nursing and other useful medical instruction); for a Public Health School for those ladies who want to do preventive medical work; for training classes for teachers and social workers; for classes in first-aid, domestic economy, music, etc., in addition to the ordinary cultural courses." The social service gives medical relief to poor women and children, in Maternity hospitals, nursing homes, welfare centres, dispensaries, and homes for the destitutes. Much money is needed for the support of such work, and financial help is earnestly solicited.

Women in Racing:

There is an article in the *Hindu*, in which mention is made of the increasing part taken by women during the

in racing is ownership of horses. We hear of women-owners, like Miss Norah Wilmot, who, having taken up her father's training establishment, although she cannot be a trainer officially, is carrying out her work as successfully as a capable man, winning many races with her horses. There are also many women bettors, who bet, not heavily, but more regularly than men. There are a few women book-makers. Women again form a large portion of the employees in Turf offices. Finally, women make a large portion of the crowd at a race-course.

SOUVENIR

The sweet melodious name they called you by
Is th' only souvenir I have with me
Of youth and love. All other stars have set;
All flowers have withered and their fragrancy
Has melted into the blue boundless sky;
All other glowing hues have faded: yet
Your name alone remains untouched by time,
A magic word like "Open Sesame!",
Op'ning the caves hid 'neath the tall grown grass,
Where all the embalmed treasures of the Past
And their forgotten glory dwell sublime,
A golden key to th' love-lit hall of prime,
Which I believed to me was ever lost,
Buried among the ruins of joy that was!

—*Susi P. David.*

A SHORT STORY

SARADA

By K. MOHAN RAO

ASOKA was one of the biggest and most fascinating bunglows of the city, in the heart of the metropolis, yet bewitchingly surrounded by artistic gardens. Sarada sat amidst the lovely flowers, deeply engrossed in reading a letter. She was young, charming and graceful, and had received a fair education. Her father had died soon after her marriage. He had been a rich man at one time, but had been impoverished by the marriage expenses of his four daughters, of whom our heroine was the youngest. He had only one son; but only at the time of his death, did he realise that he had not left enough for the maintenance of his family, besides the fact that he had found out too late that Sarada was not satisfied with her new alliance.

Sanker, Sarada's husband, had of course loved her immensely. He was the third of five sons of Mr. Chandrasekhar, a leading advocate of the High Court. His parents' endeavours to educate him as far as possible had proved futile, as he could not pass even the Intermediate. He had discontinued his studies and remained unemployed. The result was that the household had started rebuking him, and his old mother, Rajam, had not spared him for even a day. She had cursed both Sanker and his unfortunate wife, for being burdens to the family. A year had somehow passed thus, after which Sanker had died from typhoid, leaving Sarada a miserable widow.

Now, Sarada was scanning the contents of a letter, which gradually seemed to enfold her in such waves of happiness and tranquility that momentarily she forgot her troubles. It was from her once classmate at Bangalore, Vasant, who had now come to her own town to continue his college studies. He had heard with much regret of her present plight, and wrote an encouraging epistle to her, offering her his help, if necessary. He was a constant visitor at her house, but could only meet her surreptitiously. Indeed, the letter had been somehow secretly handed over to her.

Vasant was an advocate of social reform. He had read much and taken a leading part in social activities. He could not bear to see the wretched plight of young widows, who were discarded as outcasts, the moment their husbands died. There should not be such difference, he thought, between them and men, who were encouraged to re-marry, unmindful of their age or their first wife's children. Thus, Sarada's calamity had affected him much. She was only seventeen years of age, and was she to remain a forlorn outcast throughout the rest of her life ?

He wrote to her, " I know your life is excruciatingly miserable and that you will not be able to enjoy a good meal even ; but do not be discouraged. As an accomplished girl with a sense of honour, not only to yourself, but also to the Almighty, your duty lies in self-restraint ....God will undoubtedly succour you and relieve you of your calamities soon..........."

Yes, her life was miserable. Tears trickled down her ivory cheeks. How difficult it was for a girl of her tender age to act on mere philosophical dogmas, when she felt herself fluttering like a caged bird!

The evenings were anxiously awaited by her, so that she might spend a few happy minutes with Vasant, who would pass that way. One particular evening, Sarada, as usual, strolled into the garden. Unfortunately, Rajam, with her peculiar proclivity to scent anything wrong, noticed her daughter-in-law's lonely presence in the garden at that unusual hour. She suddenly called the girl, and started her campaign of rebuke, even going to the extent of accusing her of scandalous motives. In quick alarm, Sarada, though innocent as a child, drew her saree closely round her face and ran away in anguish. She could have retorted in anger, but, she controlled her emotions, for she considered hitting back a waste of energy.

So, from that day, Sarada sat sometimes of an evening upon the balcony of her room, safely hidden from external view, but all the same watching for Vasant. How far away were those golden days, when Vasant used to tell her that he would do everything he could to save and serve her. But what could he really have done ? He was fatherless and his mother at Bangalore was poor; while his uncle Narayan at Bombay, who was solely responsible for his college career, and who had to be obeyed implicitly, would surely never permit his nephew to have anything to do with a widow.

2

Autumn had arrived; but its cool chill did not restore Sarada to her happiness. Some sort of blight seemed to have fallen on her; she appeared a changed girl. Her captivating laughter and funny anecdotes had disappeared. No longer did she care for dress. She was placidly indifferent towards food, and rarely slept at nights. The truth was she was tired out by her sorrows, worries and the suspicions levelled at her. Lonely as she was, the situation had proved entirely beyond her.

Her only solace lay in her singing, sorrowful though it was. But even that was finally denied her. One evening she sang, with all the pathos she could command, a song depicting Savitri's prayer to the God of Death to restore to her her lost Satyavan. The tune was so heartrending that even the stony-hearted Rajam could not bear it. She suddenly appeared before her daughter-in-law and ordered her to stop. Alas, poor Sarada!

It must not be thought, however, that all mothers-in-law are like Rajam. Far from it. But unfortunately we see some belonging to that category. It certainly requires culture and education to make matters run smooth in a large family.

3

Vasant was now a student in the Medical College, very intelligent and popular. He was also a well-known sportsman. In the Presidency Cricket Match, his bowling analysis and batting scores were marvellous. The whole city praised him, and Mr. Alexander, the City team Captain, was very proud of Vasant.

So, the young man's fame spread wide in the city. Mr. Chandrasekhar wrote to Narayan, offering his youngest daughter, Leela, to Vasant, with a dowry of Rs. 3000/-, and further finance to continue his studies. This great offer was felt as an immense relief by Narayan! He wrote at once to his nephew, asking that the marriage should take place as soon as possible. Poor Vasant! What was he to do in this dilemma? If he agreed, he would be perpetrating a crime towards Sarada, for whom he had promised to sacrifice all. If he resisted, he would displease his uncle, who would consequently stop his support. He went through the contents of the letter again, and this time he could not control his feelings when he came across his uncle's threat. "What?" thought Vasant, "Am I to marry a girl whom I have never seen, proposed by another for the sake of money? Never! I would rather discontinue my studies and seek employment. So he flatly refused the offer, and wrote to his uncle that he would do his best to repay him soon.

Mr. Alexander was very busy in his office. Nevertheless, the visiting card placed on his desk made him keep his papers pending and call the visitor in.

"Hullo, Vasant", he said as a young man entered his room. "Good morning. Won't you sit down?"

Vasant took a seat. It was clear that something was seriously wrong with him. Some great sorrow seemed to be weighing him down.

"What is the matter with you, Vasant?" The officer asked in mute astonishment. "You are not in form to-day."

"Sir," opened Vasant, "Sir, I have come now, not as a sportsman, but as an applicant." He explained the letters exchanged between his uncle and himself and begged for a job. "Well," Mr. Alexander replied, "I am sorry I have no vacancy to offer you but..........."

He took the phone-receiver from its hook and rang up Mr. Clarke and after a short discussion, placed the instrument back. "Vasant," he said, "Clarke has agreed to take you into his Bank,but, as there is no vacancy here, are you prepared to go up-country, say to Bangalore?"

"Yes, Sir," replied Vasant gratefully, "I am indeed happy, for that is my native place."

"But I am sorry you are leaving us and perhaps you will play against us in the next Cricket season eh? Well, Vasant, *goodbye*; I would like to see you when next you are in Madras."

Vasant, after expressing his gratitude, left him.

4

It was a gala Deepavali night. The whole city was astir with millions of men and women, grandly dressed, visiting the shrines and admiring the beautiful illumination of the streets and bazaars. The strident noise of the crackers and rockets deafened the ears. Night appeared as day!

But in the inner room of "*Asoka*" sat our heroine in solitude, her head thrown back, tears flowing down her wan cheeks. Although all her relatives were in the thick of gaiety and

happiness at the festivities, she found herself in darkness as if it were! In her hand, was a short letter from her poor old mother inviting her daughter home for the festival, as she thought rightly that her girl would not be able to take part in it at her mother-in-law's house. Sarada read the contents again and, after serious consideration, penned a few words in reply:

"Dear Mother,

Your love is great, but I am extremely unfortunate in not being able to go to you. The treatment here is most unbearable, but still must be undergone. Mamma, I do not wish to dilate upon this melancholy subject, and make you too unhappy in your old age. I am born to suffer and I must suffer. So, it is better if you will think of your other daughters, on whom may God bestow eternal happiness. Consider this most wretched Sarada as dead and gone.............."

Then, the girl sank into a sort of stupor, in which she was reminded of her Vasant. Why? She had not seen him for many days and since he was in a different environment, would he not forget his solemn vows to her? No. His noble and charming face visioned before her, depicting a stubborn denial. Yet, the whole city was speaking about his marriage with Leela.

Some days after, it was again evening. The Sun-God was sinking slowly and steadily on the horizon in a red and sullen glory, which pierced through the murky haze. The birds were returning to their nests. The citizens were rushing to their respective homes after their diurnal work. Night with her sable garment enveloped the earth. A cool refreshing breeze engendered a sort of relaxation to the weary, and pleasure to others. Sarada was walking up and down the terrace. Suddenly, her attention was drawn towards the gate, where a young man was seen, waving his handkerchief. Surely it was Vasant! She ran down-stairs, knowing that the whole family had gone out, and met him. "You here?" she asked, trembling, "I thought you had forgotten this unfortunate widow......"

"Hush," he said "not a word more. Come with me. I am appointed to a post in Bangalore. I have discontinued my studies. Don't waste time in queries. Every minute is valuable. Come right away." He explained every thing briefly and Sarada's face flushed with joy. "Ah! God," she cried, "After all, you have saved me: and Vasant, I am indebted to you, but still I cannot all of a sudden come with you without informing my people, of course, not personally, but through a letter. I shall write it and place it in the room and return."

She ran into the room and hurriedly wrote her note:—

"Dear father-in-law,

The atmosphere around me is so intolerable that it has driven me away from you. I have gone away, gone for your and my good. All the jewels and clothes you have given me are in the trunk, which is near that of Leela. Do not try to search for me, I shall write to you shortly. Tell my mother-in-law to forget me, or, if this is not possible, to forgive me for the trouble I have given her. But let her not think that I have left her in order to wreak vengeance on her, or out of rancour for her. On the other hand, I am relieving her of my burden. I pray God to give you all happiness.

SARADA,

THE UNFORTUNATE WIDOW."

The whole household of *Asoka* was aghast at the sudden disappearance of Sarada, and Chandrasekhar took his wife to task for her harshness, being afraid of police interference in the matter. But his dismay did not continue for a long time, for one afternoon, the post-man brought a letter to the advocate, which, it was quite evident, contained a marriage invitation. Chandrtsekhar could not believe his eyes when he caught sight of the words "Vasant with Sarada." Was it true, and could this be feasible? Yes. The widow re-marriage had been performed at Bangalore, and the mothers of the couple thanked the Almighty for his succour in allowing their devoted and loving servants this chance of happiness.

Yes, indeed, in the gardens of beautiful Bangalore, to which the ecstatic couple made their way after their marriage, the past experiences of a hard and bitter life were forgotten. And, as they went hand-in-hand to their house, none could have doubted how happy were their grateful hearts.

OUR SERIAL STORY

Detective Janaki, by K. S.

[Janaki is detected by her step-mother in an innocent flirtation with the undesirable Sivaram. Two alternatives are laid before her; she must either marry Natesan, or have her escapade reported to her father. Hating both, Janaki runs out of the house. She meets a stranger called Seshan, whose matrimonial advertisement she had answered. He tells her he has a past which he will not disclose. Yet, she marries him, after getting his permission to carry on with her hobby, which is detective work. She gets her first case when she tries to discover what is wrong with an obviously-unhappy married couple. She follows them to their house, and succeeds in smoothing out their misunderstanding. Then, she succeeds in another case, in which she is able to give back a lost daughter to her parents. In her third case, she discovers that a husband, though dead, is not dead and restores him to happiness with his wife. In her fourth case, she is able to save a victim of religious fanaticism. In her fifth case, she helps her friend, Menaka, to regain her happiness. In her sixth case, she helps Gopalan, a Naidu by caste, and Uma, a Brahmin girl, in love with each other. Uma's mother dies suddenly. Gopalan is accused of murdering her, by Sankara Sastri, who also wishes to marry Uma. But Janaki discovers that Uma's mother really killed herself to escape a dreadful dilemma. Uma's father is persuaded to consent to her marriage with Gopalan. Their romance is continued in the following chapter.]

CHAPTER XII

A month later Janaki's servant told her that a gentleman was waiting to see her. She asked him to be shown in; and what was her surprise when she beheld none other than Natesan, stout and ugly, her step-mother's cousin, whom she had so uncompromisingly refused to marry. She stared at him, and he grinned sheepishly at her.

"Please excuse me," he stammered in his awkward way. "But, I came to this place on business, and felt that I had to see you. I know you hate me; but please don't; for I wish you nothing but good."

"My step-mother nearly forced me to marry you against my wish."

"That was her fault, not mine. Please excuse me and forgive me for my innocent share in that matter. I am so glad you are happy with your husband. And you are getting on well with your detective work, I hear."

His gentle genial manner disarmed Janaki, who gradually began to like him. They chatted on ordinary topics, and she was surprised how Natesan improved under friendly treatment. He expanded, he talked, he laughed. She liked him indeed.

Then he got up to go. At the door, he paused and turned to her rather more seriously than hitherto.

"I just wish to warn you about Sankara Sastri," he said. Don't make too great an enemy of him. He has got a strong grudge against your husband."

"What is it? What is this grudge? How is it no one will tell me?"

"I don't know, but I shall try to find out. In the meanwhile, have faith in your husband. He is a good man. But beware of that other, and of his friends."

"You mean, Sivaram."

"You have said it. Are you angry with me"

"No, no, I feel that you mean well."

"Well, goodbye, don't forget me. We're cousins by connection, you know. I am as good as a brother to you. I shall be staying here for some months more. Here is my address."

"Thank you, Natesan."

Two months later, Janaki sat early one morning in her study, feeling peculiarly happy. Her world seemed to be going well with her. The dreaded Sankara Sastri had not shown his wicked hand at all; he had actually gone back to Narpur and his estates, and our heroine often wondered why she should have been afraid of him at all. The very fact of fear must show a cause for it. No smoke without fire indeed. Was she then afraid that Seshan had done something, the betrayal of which would do him harm? Janaki shook her head violently to herself. Trying to analyse her feelings, she thought that she was really afraid of Sankara Sastri's spite, and one knew how spite could

batten on itself without a cause. In any case, she would be loyal to Seshan, good or bad.

And Seshan, oh, he was beginning to turn to her, to seek her company on all occasions, to show his need of her. And the pressure she had to put on herself, to curb her feelings! How often had she felt inclined to show him her love, to hold his hand tight and press it to her.

Oh, she was happy.

Moreover, Sivaram had made himself scarce. Influenced no doubt by Natesan's warning, she had rather been afraid of his becoming familiar with her, in which case her husband might be cross; but there seemed to be now no need for that fear.

Further, Gopal and Uma were happy; there were only three months more for their marriage, and daily almost they blessed her.

Can we wonder then at the comfortable, complacent, oily feeling in which our heroine was immersed? But it was destined soon to be disturbed.

The first ripple came with the sudden intrusion of Gopalan into her room. He rushed in, staggered into a chair, took out a large handkerchief and began mopping his face. Janaki could not see the latter, for, intentionally or not, the man used his cloth effectually to hide it. But that he was in a state of extreme agitation she knew; for every now and then, a shudder seemed to pass over him, and occasionally a low moan came from his lips.

At last, she went to him and took away his handkerchief. Looking into his twisted face, she asked him gently what the matter was.

"She has gone...she has gone...from me," he cried.

"Who? How?"

"Uma. She has left me, or been taken away from me. She......"

"Keep calm, Gopalan. Tell me everything."

After some time, the story came out.

"Oh, we were so happy," he murmured. "Every evening, we used to meet, with the permission of her father. Sometimes we went for a walk, sometimes we went to the park to listen to the band, sometimes we sat in a quiet corner in her upstairs verandah.

"Yesterday we were there; everything was so peaceful and beautiful. We watched the sun set in lovely fading colours of the rainbow. We watched the twilight grow; we watched darkness approach. The birds went chirping home to their nests, and we thought how soon we would be like them in our own home. The cowbells came ringing across the road to us, making harmonious even the shepherds' raucous admonitions to them. A few stars came out, and soon it would be time for me to go home. It was too beautiful to last, we thought; and it was, my dear, it was. An interruption came. But then, I thought nothing of it. Uma's maid came to tell her that one of her *protegees* was waiting to talk to her. You know for the last two months, she has been taking up social service work, helping especially poor fallen women. They loved her, and would come to her at all times; and I, though I did not like her to mix with them, could not sully her innocence by protests. I was not afraid even, for I knew the lily would rise pure from the mud around it."

He was silent after that, till Janaki quietly said, "And then?"

"Then, nothing. This had happened before, so I said good-bye to her and went home. Oh, I did not know it was to be our last farewell; and I can swear she knew nothing of that herself. She was so happy, so bright, so shimmering with life. 'Come to-morrow, don't foget,' she told me at the very last, 'we shall go for a long walk.'

"And so I left her. This morning her maid came running to me and said that Uma had disappeared, had never come home indeed after going with the woman to the rescue home, as she often did with other women. They had waited hour after hour, gone everywhere and enquired; but no Uma. I think she has been sprinted away by Sankara Sastri, for I cannot believe she went of her own accord. Her father is in despair. As for that worthy sister-in-law of hers, she is in the seventh heaven with her delighted 'I told you so.'"

"Have they told the police?"

"Her father wished to do so; but I told him to wait till I consulted you. He agrees with me that it is better not to bring this affair, if possible, into the public eye. Yet everyone is bound to know about it soon."

"Tell Uma's father to tell people that she went away early to-day to see a friend in the next town."

"But the servants?"

"Let them talk. It can't be helped. But, what about Sankara Sastri? How far is it to Narpur?"

"Will you come with me there?"

"Yes, I shall shut off work for the day."

They went to the Sastri's house, and, as might be expected, drew blank. Indeed, he leered at Gopalan.

"How do you know she did not run away of her own accord? As a matter of fact, why do you think she is very fond of you? I don't think she really is. She is a girl of honourable character, and she thinks it right to keep to her word with you. After all you are below her in caste. Oh, don't look daggers at me. I know what you're both going to say; but love-sick swains are apt to gloss unpleasant facts over with their own sweet desires; and, as for lady-detectives, we know what they are! How can they afford to lose credit? Our detective brought you both together; and keep you together she must, to vindicate herself. Ha—ha."

They left the man in disgust. At the gate, he called to them.

"Ask her father about her," he said. They did so. They could see that the old man was seriously shocked and grieved by his daughter's disappearance; but, when asked whether he could make any suggestion about it, he was rather evasive.

"Has she spoken to you at all about any unwillingness to marry Gopalan"?

"No—no; but I've often begged her to give him up of her own accord. Yet, she urged that she'd given her word, and couldn't break it. If she could—"

"Did she say, she would break it then?"

"No, but I gathered she might." Janaki laid her hand on Gopalan's shoulder, and looked at his tortured eyes.

"Have faith in her," she whispered.

"I will, I will," he murmured, and squared his shoulders firmly.

They made enquiries all that day, but to no purpose. They could not even identify the woman, who had been last seen with her.

No new *protegee* had come to the rescue home since yesterday. There were altogether ten women there.

A few of them had homes in the town itself, and Janaki had enquiries made there and elicited that no new people had come in, nor had anyone gone away since then.

What else could she do? She and Gopalan worried over the question for a long time. Seshan had gone to his work, after having barely heard about the affair. He had made no comment, unless a non-committal grunt could be called that.

"You know, Janaki Amma," said Gopalan. "You know our Indian girls are very filial-minded, and seldom let down their parents. Perhaps, Uma has gone away somewhere to please her father."

"I don't think so, Gopalan. I think if she wished that, she would have told you about it first. She is like that."

"What do you suggest then?"

"Gopalan, I'm going to hurt you, but yet I ask you to have faith, for, if things are as I think, the purity of her love for you will be proved. Are you sure she is convinced that her mother's death was suicide? Perhaps some one has implanted doubts in her, though she has none herself; and she wants her faith in you to be vindicated. That's why she has gone away, till she can clear things."

"But where?"

"Why, to her aunt's house at Bombay of course. Gopalan, we've never thought of that, have we? This has come to me as a sudden inspiration. By the way, where is this lady? How is it she's never come here after her sister's death? Uma said she would come."

"Her husband fell ill, I heard."

"She's rather a mysterious person, I think, this aunt. I like to look at that letter of Uma's mother again, you know. I've never read it, after that first perusal to myself, and then to the old man. Wait here, I shall go in my car and get it. I know a copy of it was kept, after

the original was sent away to the sister."

No sooner said than done. And Janaki read the letter over again carefully to herself, and then to Gopalan: "I don't know what to do. My daughter is pining for Gopalan. He's a good boy, but not of our caste. I want to make her happy, yet the divine powers are angry with me. Last night, the goddess Lakshmi came to me in a vision, threatening the death of my husband or my daughter, if I gave in to the latter. And yet, I had a sort of a dream sometime ago, in which goddess Saraswati bade me listen to my child. What am I to do? I am torn in two. And oh, I would love to see my daughter happy, and carry her child in my arms. But I dare not risk the lives of her and of my other dear one.

"I am getting more and more frightened. These visions are not good signs. I have told you what I am afraid of, and rather than that should happen, I'll kill myself. That seems to be the only course left now. I shall be saved from what I fear; when I am dead, I hope Uma will be brave and marry Gopalan. Then, I cannot be to blame and the goddess will not be angry with me and carry out her curse on them and on me. My husband will suffer for a time, but he will forget. May my loved ones be happy. Blessings on my daughter. Good-bye, sister, don't think hardly of me, for I have always loved you. Keep my secret from innocent Uma. I do not want her especially to know of it. Please comfort my husband. And don't, forget to be kind to our people, especially to poor Sita."

"It seems to me, Gopalan," said our detective after a pause, "it is this aunt we must get hold of at once. I'll wire to her and tell her to come, but won't say anything about Uma. In the meanwhile, of what was the poor lady afraid of so much? What was the secret she wished kept from Uma? Why her own obsession about the anger of the divine ones on account of Uma herself, as seen by her in visions? Of course, the visions were her own imagination carried out into dreams. And who is this Sita? well, well, this aunt is our only hope. Let us wait just three days more before we tell the police."

"Suppose she has been carried off by Sankara Sastri?"

"I don't think she has. Anyhow, let us trust in God."

The aunt from Bombay arrived very soon, a tall, stately and rather morose woman. She dissembled her very real grief as much as possible. Her one anxiety was to see Uma. When told of the latter's disappearance, she gave in and collapsed in a very pitiful way. "The curse, the curse," she continually murmured. "It is working, just as my poor sister feared."

After she had recovered somewhat, Janaki asked her what the secret was; she told her that she remembered it had been mentioned in the letter.

The aunt fixed her with a very critical eye; and, it was not till Janaki was certified for by her brother-in-law, that she deigned to carry on the conversation.

"The secret?" she asked. "Is there a secret? Well, yes, perhaps there was, for no one knew of these visions and dreams. Naturally, she would not wish Uma to know that it was anxiety for her, which caused her death. And nobody would have known the truth, if it were not for my sister's forgetfulness in throwing the letter about. That itself was a sign of..........."

"Of what?"

"Why, of the hold that superstition had on her. My sister was a foolish woman, you know, in many things."

"And who is Sita?" asked Janaki. The aunt looked startled, but almost at once collected herself. "Sita? why, an old servant, who was with us for many years. She is with me now. By the way, what are we going to do about Uma? The girl must be found."

"The police must be told," said Janaki.

"The police? Those foolish, conceited creatures? I would rather they did not interfere. But I suppose they must be told. Yet, wait one day. Let me think."

And that was that, Janaki thought to herself. But it was characteristic of her that she did not give up hope. She wished to keep watch on the austere aunt; but how to do it?

Her husband could not help her on account of his work. Perhaps he did not wish to.

Could she ask Sivaram? Not unless there was no one else.

Suddenly, Natesan came to her mind. He had often come to see her since his first visit, and Seshan liked him too. He would certainly help her.

So, she sent a message to him; and, when he arrived quickly afterwards, she told him what she wanted. He said he would proceed to Uma's house at once. It was lucky he was not known there.

The next day arrived. Natesan did not come in the morning, or in the afternoon; but at about seven in the evening, he arrived hot, dusty and tired. After he had a wash and some coffee, he unburdened himself.

"You know," he said, "that old lady is a very clever woman. I'm blest if I know what she wants."

"Tell me what she did."

"She went quietly yesterday evening to the station, and took train for Narpur."

"Narpur, Sankara Sastri's place; but he lives quite out of the town. Did she go there?"

"No, but she visited all sorts of institutions. That struck me as rather odd in a woman, who had just lost her sister. Then, I thought that perhaps she was a social worker like her niece, and wanted some information to be put to use in Bombay."

"Did you follow her?"

"I did, on a bicycle, as unobtusively as I could. But I wonder, seeing me in so many places, that she did not suspect me. I saw her looking hard at me once. She went to the two schools there, the Government one and the Mission institute. Then, she went to the Lunatic Asylum, to the Women's hospital and finally to the prison. I must not forget the penitentiary and the rescue Home. It struck me sometimes that she was trying to confuse enquiries about her."

"Where did she stay?"

"Oh, with some old friends of theirs. I found out, by careful enquiries, that Uma's family often goes there; Uma's mother too paid many visits, I hear."

"And what did she do there?"

"I don't know, Janaki. I am sorry I could not go on enquiring."

"Well, I am much obliged to you, Natesan. What shall we do now?"

"Let us go to-morrow and make special enquiries at all these places. We might light on a clue."

"Very well; I shall bring Gopalan also, as it is his right to be there. Seshan cannot, of course, come. You know Natesan, I am sure now that Uma fonnd out some secret of their family, something rather disgraceful or undesirable, and, she does not wish to marry Gopalan with that on her conscience. What do you think?"

"May be so."

"And I bet you anything," Janaki said slangily, "the secret is connected with a person called Sita."

The next morning they motored to Narpur. They visited the schools first, for no reason at all, Janaki said, but perhaps there might be a new teacher there, or a new girl in the upper classes, who might be Uma. But they drew blank there. Then they went to the prison, to see if any of Uma's relatives were there. "Perhaps, she has heard that someone belonging to her is a criminal and does not wish to burden Gopalan with him or her," said Janaki. But no. There were not many prisoners; most of them were short-timers; two had been there for some years, but had nothing in their history to connect them with the absent girl. "Now let's go to the Hospital", said our heroine. "Perhaps, there has been an accident, and Uma has been taken there unconscious, that being the biggest hospital in the district." But no, again they drew blank. Then they went to the Lunatic Asylum. They got permission from the Superintendent, and wandered round rather leisurely, for Janaki and her friends were tired and hungry by that time. They went to the women's ward first. Our heroine felt very sad, as she looked at the unhappy creatures there. Some of them were good-looking; some were evidently of a good class; a few even appeared educated. It was their rest-hour, after food, and most of them were sitting quietly, except the more violent cases who were in a place apart. Janaki stopped

long in a courtyard, where a number of milder cases were sitting together. Some of them were singing; some were talking, some sleeping, some just ruminating; but all had the unmistakably vacant expression of the insane. One woman seemed to attract her much. She was sitting with her hands folded together, staring at nothing. Her fair handsome profile was very attractive, especially as she appeared only about twenty-four years of age. Janaki looked at her long, then drew the men aside.

"Doesn't she look familiar?" She asked. "She reminds me of some one. Who, do you think?"

Natesan shook his head, but Gopalan nodded.

"Yes, she is a little like the dead woman, Uma's mother," he replied.

"I too think so" said Janaki, "I wonder, oh I wonder! Watch me now." She went to the girl and tried to talk to her, but not a sign in return could she get. Then suddenly, she called in a low voice, "Sita." The response was immediate. The patient started, looked at her intelligently for a moment, and then relapsed into vacuity. What do you think of that?" asked Janaki triumphantly.

They were lucky enough to find an old Ayah there, who told them a little of Sita's history. She had been with them for some years now, say about twelve. She was usually a very gentle, quiet creature, but always melancholy. Sometimes, however, she would be violent. She could not be cured. The trouble seemed to be hereditary. As a matter of fact, her mother had been there before her, about fourteen years ago, and died there. A year or two afterwards, this girl had come. Yes, she had visitors to see her, about once in a month. But no one had come for the last three or four months, till yesterday. Yes, it was yesterday that a lady had come to see the poor girl. Asked what sort of a lady, she described a tall, thin, dignified woman, something like the aunt. She had on a purple silk sari and a white jacket.

"Was that the aunt's dress yesterday?" asked Janaki of Natesan; but he shook his head. He was very sorry he had not noticed. Janaki smiled at him pityingly.

That was all. No other information could be got, for the authorities naturally would not tell them anything.

They went back to Tarapur, and to Uma's house. To their dismay, they heard that the aunt had gone away somewhere early that day. It was then nearly evening, and they hastened to the station, and found the old lady just getting out of a train. She smiled at them sourly.

"Have you been looking for me?" she asked innocently. "I am sorry; I have been on business."

"Where?"

"Ah, that's telling!" she replied archly. "Can't I attend to some personal matters myself?"

After that, Janaki thought that the old lady must be watched that night; but how?

Then Gopalan and Natesan said they could go to some house in the village near by, and take turns to sit up all night. If she went anywhere, one of them would follow and let Janaki know about it.

"But I?" said Janaki. "I want to be there too. I may be able to do things, which you will not think of."

The men looked amused. "But then," they said, "it is easier for a man to find a way to follow, than for a woman. No, you must leave it to us."

"Oh, I wish I were a man," cried our heroine, clenching her hands.

She had to leave it at that. Early the next morning, the men came to see her. This was the story they had to tell her.

"We found a house close by," Gopalan said, "and one of us sat up all the time. At about 12 o' clock, we heard a car in the road. It did not drive up to the house. We ran near to it, keeping in the shelter of the hedge, and waited. Presently, we saw the aunt coming out, shrouded up in a black shawl; and with her was, who do you think? No other than Sankara Sastri and another man. Natesan seems to know him."

"Who was it?" asked Janaki.

"Sivaram," he replied reluctantly.

"Well then," continued Gopalan. "They all got into the car, and, while it was being started, Natesan stole out, as he was the smaller of the two and had on darker clothes. He crept up to the car and sat on the luggage grid." "Oh, the seat was hard, I can tell you," said Natesan. And how I bumped and suffered! And the dust? Terrible!

We jolted and we rattled, and still went on. You know Narpur is twenty miles away, and the Sastri's house, three miles further. After twenty miles, something went wrong with the car, and Sivaram, who was driving, got off and began to work under the bonnet. I knew it was not a puncture, for I had not heard the air escape. If it had been that, I would have had to slip off and hide somewhere, while the tyre was being changed, for there was a faint star-light about. As it was, I sat tight and actually heard them talking."

"About Uma?" ejaculated the other two.

"You're right."

At that moment, Seshan entered the room.

"Can I help?" he asked nonchalantly.

"You can if you like," replied Janaki rather shortly and turned again to Natesan.

"The old lady seemed to be rather concerned about Uma's health. No, no, Gopalan, don't be anxious, just listen.

'You are sure it is nothing serious?' she asked.

'It is only an ordinary cold,' he replied 'she'll soon be all right, if she takes some medicine, or eats something. But she won't. She is very obstinate. She says she'll die, unless she is taken to see the......the lady, about whom we told her.'

'Have you been able to convince her about it?'

'Yes, poor thing. She's such a simple creature. And she's abosolutely straight, and that's why I hesitate about......about certain things. You see I have come to like her very much; and I do not wish to marry her against her will. Even if I wished to do so, there will be no happiness in it, for she will be unhappy and may fret and die. She says she must see for herself and be sure. Then...then only she will talk about other things. That's why I want you to come with me to take her there.'

'I am glad you are so careful about her.'

'She is a precious creature.'

'Is the car not ready yet?'

Then he asked Sivaram how long he would take and was assured that it would be only a few minutes more. Sivaram seemed to take it for granted that the Sastri could not help.

'Tell me how you worked the plot,' asked the aunt.

'You see, the woman who asked to see Uma that night was our friend Sivaram here with a faked story. He was disguised as a woman, and said that he had been sent by another woman whom Uma had helped sometime before. He told her the story, I had arranged, you know what. Uma believed him and was quite distracted. She whispered that she could never marry Gopalan, if the story was true. Sivaram agreed with her. Then Uma did not know what to do. She could not face Gopalan. So Sivaram suggested that she should go to her aunt at Bombay. There was a train leaving that night. The desperate girl fell into the trap and went with him; and on the way it was easy enough to slip a gunny bag over her head, and bring her away here. Oh the car is ready? All right, Sivaram, let's start.'

I could hear no more, but I slipped off at the gates of the Sastri's house, ran to Narpur, hired a car, and come here to tell you. Now, what to do."

"Nothing," said Seshan, "Sankara Sastri seems to like the girl, and won't harm her."

"But, I am going to see her and rescue her."

"Is that necessary?"

"It is, indeed. How can you ask such a question? I am surprised at you, Seshan. You need not come if you don't wish to."

"I can't go with you, Janaki, because of my work. But you have Gopalan and Natesan with you."

"Very well. To-morrow early, we start and go to Narpur. Then, where shall we go?"

"To the Sastri's house?"

"No. I'll tell you what. You go there and hide your car somewhere and follow their

movements. But drop me and Gopalan first at the Mental Asylum, for I know the secret is there."

She was right. She waited outside that institute with Gopalan, screened behind some out-houses; and sure enough the Sastri's party drove up about ten o'clock. Uma was helped out, and truly she was a sad, pale, sick Uma, a mere shadow of her usual bonny self. Janaki had much ado to persude Gopalan from showing himself. She and the others went inside the gates. A short while after, Natesan drove up and Janaki called him to her. They waited. After about twenty minutes, the others came out. If Uma could be called ill before she went in, what could she be called now? She staggered and wavered in her walk, and had to cling for help to her tall aunt's arm. They got into the car and drove away, and our party followed a short distance behind, which, however, was lessened very much as they entered the gates and went up the long avenue. As Uma got down in front and made as if to go in, Janaki jumped down and, followed by the men, ran up to her. The girl fell back, and her aunt held her tighter, while Janaki marvelled at her strength.

"You!" whispered the poor girl from pale lips. "And you, Gopalan? Oh, go away, don't come near me."

"But why, my dear, why? Have we done you any wrong?" asked Janaki.

"Not you indeed, it is I who have wronged you, I the poor Uma with a......dreadful...... secret........."

Her voice trailed away. Gopalan started forward towards her, but the men pushed him back.

"Let him be," murmured Uma, looking up. "Don't do him further harm. Goodbye, Gopalan. Forget me and marry some one else, some one happier, better...oh, oh!" she cried. bursting into bitter sobs. "What shall I do?"

"Come in, my poor girl; and have faith in me. We shall not desert you," said the aunt.

"But neither shall we," cried Janaki and Gopalan together.

"You must and you will," said Uma "when you know my dreadful secret. Do you know that there is—madness in my family, that I am going mad? I feel it. My grand-mother was mad, my sister is mad; I have just seen her; and my mother too was mad."

"How do you know?"

"Her visions, her dreams, what were they but madness? Besides, she was always afraid about it. That's the secret she told my aunt not to tell me. She felt it coming, and–and–oh, my poor mother!" cried the poor child, covering her working face.

"Even then, Uma, come to me. You can't give me up like this."

"I must. Ask my aunt."

"Yes, she must," said the other. Come away, my girl."

"Good-bye, Gopalan," said the poor girl holding out her quivering hand to him.

"But Uma, I cannot live without you."

"You must. The more I love you, the less can I marry you. Good-bye."

Gopalan pressed her hand to his heart and tried to draw her to him but she hung back and hid her face on her aunt's shoulder. The violence of her grief shook her. It was a pitiful sight, and everyone present had much ado to keep their calm.

Then, Sankara Sastri came forward, and laid his hand on Uma's shoulder.

"My dear," he said gently, "if you love each other so much, don't give him up. Let the heritage go hang, and marry him."

"I - can't; I must not."

"But Sankara Sastri," asked the aunt wonderingly, "aren't you marrying her?"

"No," he said reluctantly, "I cannot, for she won't be happy with me."

The aunt choked.

"How can he?" asked Natesan. "Did he not tell you so yesterday?"

"When?"

"How do you know?" asked the Sastri in surprise.

"My dear sir, if you had only looked behind when you stopped yesterday night on the road, you would have seen me, hanging on to your luggage carrier."

"You–you–" cried the Sastri, advancing

on the other. "Steady, sir, steady," called Sivaram, holding him.

Then the aunt found her voice.

"Never mind all that. But listen to me; her honour has been compromised. She has lived here for a few days, in a strange man's house, with none of her own people to look after her. Even the pure Sita was not received by Rama, till she had proved herself. She is undone, and her father."

"I shall enter an ashram," moaned Uma.

"But this is where I come in," Gopalan said in a brave, bold voice, "I shall marry her, whatever anyone may say."

"No, no," said Uma. "Don't you agree with me, Janaki Amma?"

"I do, I do," said our crestfallen detective.

"Then, take me away, aunt. Sankara Sastri, you have been kind. But, I really do not wish to marry anyone."

"Well, well,' said the aunt. "This is where I come in, for I must save my family from this shame, which will be worse, than if she marries a man of a lower caste. Once again, I ask you, Sastri, whether you, a Brahmin, will allow her to marry this Naidu."

"I will. After all, the world is changing, Madam. And, even if I consent, she refuses to marry me."

"I will not marry anyone, least of all a man, I do not love," cried Uma.

"And you won't marry Gopalan, whom you love?"

"No."

"But you will; if I tell you that the poor Sita is really not your sister, that your grandfather did not die of madness, that your mother was not mad."

Uma stood up straight and looked at her in wonder. Then, she drooped again.

"I cannot believe you, aunt. You are saying this to suit your own purpose."

"I am not. If you don't believe me, come with me and ask your father."

So, they all went away, leaving the Sastri and Sivaram behind. The latter stood very shame-faced, but tried to catch Janaki's glance. When he could not do so, he surreptitiously tried to snatch at her hand when she passed by. But, she flung him away.

"Forgive me," he cried.

But she never deigned a reply.

Arrived at Tarapur, they went straight to Uma's father; and after he had been apprised of all the facts he told them the following:

"If I had known, that Uma had been made unhappy by this business, I would have told the story before. I am surprised at you, sister, for your duplicity. To think that you could twist everything so for your own purposes!"

"Not for my own, but for the honour of the family, whose caste I did not wish to be polluted."

"How did the Sastri know?"

"After my sister's death. I wrote the whole account to him and suggested the plot. You see my sister had told me about his offer to marry Uma."

"Uma's mother," said the old man, "was my second wife. My first wife went mad, and had to be placed in the Asylum. Your mother was my cousin, and I liked her, and married her even before my first wife's death. She took great care of Sita, my daughter, who was then about eight years old. But, my first wife was very angry, and before she died cursed my poor second wife, that the gods and goddesses would be angry with her and send madness on her and her children. Six years after that, my poor Sita showed signs of madness, which rapidly increased. We had to put her into the Asylum too. My Uma then was about five years. She forgot all about Sita. But, we visited her regularly every month and tried to comfort her. I forgot about the curse, however. But, my poor wife evidently did not, though she never talked to me about it. She must have been always terrified of it and its consequences. I recalled the curse, when Janaki Amma spoke of madness. That was why I was so shocked. I was so sorry I was the cause of all the trouble to my dear ones."

"Then the trouble about Uma's marriage and the visions and dreams and fears, must have made matters worse."

"She killed herself, as she thought she was going mad. She must have been terrified also that the curse would fall on her children, if the goddess Lakshmi persisted in her wrath against her, were Uma to marry Gopalan."

"Then—then—was I the cause of her death, father?" asked Uma sadly.

"No, my dear. You loved Gopalan and you stood by him. It was your poor mother who was foolish. She thought she could avert wrath by killing herself, for she thought the goddess was angry only with her. But, she was wrong. The divine ones are not like that."

"Yes," said Janaki steadily, "you need not be afraid, sir. The gods are reasonable. They do not want convention at the cost of unhappiness. That's the mistake your wife made. Surely, Heaven does not care for differences of caste and creed. Oh, no."

"You are right, my dear. Let Uma marry Gopalan happily."

"She must marry him now, brother, to save our honour."

"Leave that alone, sister. I don't care for that argument at all. Whether she marries or not, she is my own dear daughter, whom nothing can, contaminate. Come here, Uma. Do you wish to marry Gopalan ?"

Uma lowered her head shyly. Her father took her hand, and put it in that of her lover.

"May god bless you both," he murmured. "To-morrow you shall be married."

(To be continued)

SELF-HELP

By J. T. AUSTIN

"It is the self-help that was forced upon me in my boyhood that gave me self-confidence, and it is that self-confidence that inspired in me the ambition for greater things, and it is that self-help with ambition that has brought me to this position," said an eminent man of high reputation, who, though a son of a primary school teacher, and from a poor family, had risen to high position in a state by his own labour. Greatness really depends upon self-help; yet the value of self-help has yet to be properly investigated by many thoughtful parents. The spirit of self-help must be forced into a child till it becomes a part of his habit, even though later it may partly be submerged by ignorance, indolence and bad influence. It can be seen that the activities of one, who has not been taught the art of self-help in his early life, become purposeless bit by bit, even while his ambition increases more and more. Ambition, without the energy to make way for it, only makes a fool of a man; for in the place of sure self-confidence there can only be vain self-glory, which, building huge castles in the air, leads away from the path-way of truth and honour.

The lack of self-help is often the fault of the parents. Here is an instance. A boy of eight years of age was found dirtying his shirt every time within a few hours it was put on. Nothing could rid him of the habit. One day his father said to him "Come on, my son, to-day you will wash your shirt and I will do mine and let us see who will keep it clean the longer." The boy was simply delighted with this new game. A piece of soap and a bucket of water were supplied to him. He took just an hour to wash it, asked for several more buckets of water, splashed the soap everywhere, and enjoyed the joke all the time. Finally, the garment was washed and dried. Later, he learnt moderation even in his cleanliness. And what next ? Now, it is a habit with him to be clean always. Let me give you another instance. A girl of seven years was always found soiling the verandah of the house, with all sorts of dirty things to play with. She was asked several times not to do so, and was often punished for the same, but all to no purpose. Finally, her mother said to her, "I will give you a fine broom to sweep this place. Can you do it ?" "Oh yes," said the girl, very pleased with this new kind of sport. She ran for the broom herself, and soon the small child, only just bigger than the utensil in her hand, was found

cleaning up very energetically. Her work was not at first well-done. Again and again, however she was coaxed to persist, till all was clean. To keep the house clean became her pleasure, and finally it grew a life-long habit. Thus you can see how far parents are responsible for the good habits of their children, which should originate in self-help.

Some one may say that self-help is required early in a family, only when it is forced by some peculiar circumstances, and that it is neither always necessary nor possible in childhood. But take the following instances. There is a family sufficiently well-to-do, but not wealthy enough to keep many servants, with three children of 12, 10 and 8 years of age. The latter return from school, go to play, sit to dine, and even go to bed, in the same dress. When it gets dirty, the dress is removed and shoved somewhere and they hunt for a fresh one from box to box. Their mother is too busy to help them. At night, they all go to sleep in a single room, and, when they get up in the morning, they never even care to make up their beds. They leave this work to their mother, and their mother to the servant and the servant to circumstances! One can imagine what their average health was. They themselves became lazy, proud and negligent, with no end of jealousy and disputes between them. As they grew up, they were given naturally greater freedom, which ended in unhappiness. And all along neither they nor their parents were found happy. But take this other family, of similar income, having six children. When they grew to school-going age, they were given three separate rooms for themselves, with the necessary furniture. Brooms and dusters were supplied and a small amount of pocket money to meet some personal expenses. They were individually held responsible for the safety of their articles and the cleanliness of their rooms. They had to arrange their own bedding, books and clothes, polish their own shoes, clean and oil their lamps, sweep their rooms, and dress themselves. They had no servants to attend their individual needs. They had regular times for baths, family worship and meals. In the common hall they met their friends and relatives. When some one of the children was found behaving badly, he or she was called up and advice was given by the parents. The boys were found in their early days decorating their rooms with their drawings and pictures; later they took pride in the collection of their books. The girls decorated their dens, first with their dolls, then with books and ornaments, musical instruments and pretty draperies, artistically worked with their own needle-work. Each one tried to compete with the other in using pocket money. Now the six children are living healthy and noble lives, the four sons in good positions, and the two girls happily married. The parents are happy and every one calls them "Blessed."

Therefore, if you wish that your own son should become great and useful some day, your attempt to train him in self-help must begin now and not later. It is no good saying " He is only a boy as yet "; and later complaining, " He is a lazy fellow, an idiot, a good for-nothing, and there is no good of spending any more money on him. " It is now that you must put him to his duties and set him to help himself in all possible ways. Give him sufficient freedom and facilities to do what is set him. Do not help him too much. When he does half, persuade him to complete the work; when he does well, praise him. As he grows, the spirit of independence and confidence will grow also, and it is that spirit that will work wonders in his later life.

Self-help in children confirms in them good habits, helps them to attend to their own health, makes them useful to themselves and their family, creates in them the desire and strength to help others in their needs, makes them honourable and independent, and teaches them always to look for greater things, and see the nobler side of everything. Thus, ambition and energy, supported by good health, public regard, sound education and high principles, help in the increase of usefulness to the country.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

Sari Borders.

ALTHOUGH saris are becoming so much cheaper these days, and it is easy to order one according to the pattern and design desired, there is a certain pleasure in making up one's own sari, that cannot be had by buying the most expensive kind.

Saris which can be worn on the grandest of occasions can be made up by an enterprising woman, if she has an artistic turn of mind, and the time to spare. A plain *georgette* should be bought, and an elaborate border-pattern drawn on a soft, fairly large pad of white blotting paper. The *georgette* should then be placed evenly on the blotting paper, when it will be found that the pattern shows through very distinctly. This saves the trouble of tracing the border pattern on to the sari. With delicate brushes and oil-paints, the border pattern can be then painted on to the sari, and repeated right along the edges.

When the paint is dry, beads of the same shades of colour as the colours of the border, are sewn on to edge each painted flower or leaf. Thus if the pattern is of pink roses, little pink beads edge each rose. This adds lustre and grandeur to the border.

It will be found that the most elaborate borders can be worked out easily in this way, and the sari, when finished, presents an exquisite appearance of richness and artistic work, besides being very original.

For more simple saris, a very striking effect is sometimes achieved by painting just a strip of one or two colours with a stencilling brush for the border. Such effects are particularly good on artificial silk. A black and vermilion border, each colour about an inch wide, on orange artificial silk, looks rather becoming, or a dark blue strip on a light blue sari.

—***Sister Susie.***

SUGGESTIONS ON ETIQUETTE

By SAHODARI

1. INTRODUCTION

"Menaka" said a mother to her daughter, "I believe there is a new school being started in the town to teach some matters about etiquette to young women. Would you not like to go to it? Your husband will soon be returning from England, and you will have to take up your position as the wife of a high official."

"I don't wish to become too conventional, mother. One must learn to be natural, and after all, manners are snobbish, aren't they?"

"Not a bit, my dear. As you say, one must be as natural as possible; but it is necessary often to be taught natural manners. You see, our Indian girls at present are too shy to be natural; sometimes they are too self-conscious, sometimes they pretend to be unduly modest. In their confusion and distress, or in their posing, they often do not know how to behave in company. The result is chaos. But, if one knows how to do a few things, one gets to think of them. And then, such manners become a habit; and the best of it all is that, after they have become a habit, one can learn to throw one's individuality into them. Don't you agree with me, Menaka."

"Ye-yes, mother, I see what you mean. But you were talking of posing. If one's natural manners are not good, is it good to

try to change them into what is at first at least a pretence to you ?"

"Aren't you just talking for effect, Menaka? If, for instance, you wish to be sinful, can you allow yourself to be so ? If you want to kill anyone, must you do it ? If you can by any means make yourself look nicer than you are, don't you try to do so? What about your powders and creams ?"

"Just to make myself look less unsightly than I am."

"Quite so, child. If a person is really right at heart, his manners are trained to be right too. A lady or a gentleman, as we have heard, is born, not made. Your powders and your creams, though I don't like them much, are supposed to bring out the natural beauty of your skin, which may be overlaid with dust or greasiness. In the same way, some schooling will bring out the natural grace of your own mind, which is bound to show itself in your conduct. Besides......"

"Yes, mother."

"My dear, I am glad you are listening so attentively. Many young people don't often do so. Did I not tell you that, if a person is right—"

"Yes—yes. You were bringing out another point."

"I am sorry to have digressed. Yes, I was going to say that very often manners are the proper bonds of a social circle, just as laws are the bonds of mankind. You may not approve of certain rules, but for the sake of others you must observe them. Was it not Thackeray, who said that a snob is one who neglects to observe certain necessary conventions ?"

"But too much politeness, mother, is so silly."

"True; but then, as one comes to know people, one drops certain formalities."

"I hate a man to be always polite to a lady, you know."

"So do I, but that applies chiefly to friends. Does it not make you feel happy, when you get among new people, to have the men standing up, give you a good seat, and so on ?"

"I suppose so."

"Some manners are so graceful, Menaka: and some are so necessary. After all, isn't a woman meant to be taken care of ?"

"But, in these days of equality ?"

"Ah, there we are tresspassing on another field. Now, what about this school ?"

"I'll try it. Who is the head of it ?"

"An Indian lady of experience, I hear. She is a Hindu lady. She is a widow, with no children, with nothing much to do. She comes of a good family and has her own money, so you must not think she is doing this just for a livelihood. She only wants to be useful. She belonged to this district once."

2. GREETINGS

When Menaka went to the school, she was much impressed by its Head. Tall and graceful, though middle-aged, she greeted them with a charming smile, which transfigured her rather homely features. Beside her stood her Assistant, quite a foil by contrast, a short plump little lady, but rather sweet and dainty. Both were dressed in cotton saris, simple yet fine, and prettily put on.

The pupils, of whom there were nearly ten, were made to sit down facing the teacher.

"The first thing, girls, that I wish to speak to you about," said Miss Sarada, the Head, "is the greeting. Whatever it is, the great thing to remember is that you have to look straight into the other's eyes, for an instant at least. Don't stare, or look too long, but just look straight at them. Then smile if you can, but......"

"For Heaven's sake," interrupted the Assistant, Miss Sundari who was sitting by, "don't grin, or smirk, or pose. I have seen some women look like animated gargoyles."

"That's right. The smile in fact, must extend to the eyes, not just stop with the lips. If you can't smile, don't do so; but do not look grim or unpleasant. After all, you are receiving a favour, as much as you are doing it. Then, as to the method of salutation, the handshake, of course, is foreign to us, but many of us have adopted it. Don't let your hand lie like a cold flat fish in another's clasp. Let the grip be mutual, just a firm clasp of the whole hand; not too much of a pressure, for that might be misunderstood especially by men. If the ***Sthothram*** or ***Namaskaram*** is used, the palms and fingers must be joined wholly before the middle of the face; and......"

"I do like a little graceful bending of the head with it. It's so charming," said the Assistant, Miss Sundari.

"Yes, it is, and the palms can be folded for just a while, not for too long, but not too short. Sometimes, a little ***salaam*** is pleasant, just a side flip for a close friend, or a touch of the forehead with the four fingers for an acquaintance. Sometimes, a mere inclination of the head may be used. Shall we practise some of this now? Try to be natural, girls. Make the lesson pleasant to yourselves.

The next time we shall talk of ***conversation.***"

The girls had a great time that day with their practice.

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

I

THE SPIRIT OF THE OLD BANYAN TREE—(A Story)

Like a huge green cathedral, with massive columns pendant in the air, the Banyan tree had stood in the little village of Anampur for thousands of years, and at the foot of its immense grarled and twisted trunk, a Sanyasi sat with closed eyes. The oldest inhabitant of the village had seen him seated in the same posture, cross-legged and meditating, when he was but a child. The Sanyasi was a mystery, an enigma, to the villagers. No one knew from whence he had come, and whither and when he would ever go. No one had ever seen him eat or sleep, nor heard him speak. Year after year, his beard grew longer and longer, and his hair more and more matted. Every one feared him, and dared not ask him a question, so mysterious a force was he. Like the old Banyan tree, the Sanyasi seemed to live for ages, and his soul seemed to be knit and co-ordinated with the spirit of the ancient writhing tree.

One day, Kesavan, a little boy belonging to the village, but nevertheless superior to those living in it, because of his recent trip to a large and well-known city, had a wager with his friend Raman, that he would make the old Sanyasi speak.

"You will never dare to do it," whispered Raman thoroughly awe-struck. "Why, they say he's the spirit of the old Banyan tree, and as silent and eternal as its huge roots. He will kill you if you try to talk to him.

"Rubbish," answered Kesavan, bombastically. "He's just an ordinary old man

It's only you poor village people who believe in spirits. There are no such things. Will you give me a rupee if I make the old man talk."

"Yes, I'll give you a rupee," exclaimed Raman, "because I know you'll never win. If any harm comes to you, however, don't blame me. I am not responsible for this act of yours."

"No, I won't blame you," replied Kesavan, very proudly. "You just come and watch me."

He then went straight up to the old Banyan tree, while Raman followed him timidly at some distance. Kesavan did not, however, approach the Sanyasi directly. Even he felt a little afraid when he saw the formidable old man sit there with his eyes closed. Instead, he went carefully behind the old man and climbed noiselessly on to the thick branches above. Hidden in the leafy shade at a good height, he plucked some ripe berries and began throwing them at the Sanyasi. One by one, they disrespectfully hit the old man, the while Raman trembled with fear. The Sadhu, however, did dot seem to feel the berries, and continued in his meditations. Kesavan, a little exasperated, and by now, a little frightened also, took a whole handful of berries and flung them at the old man, calling out at the same time:—

"Are you a stone, or what, that you do not say a word?"

These words seemed to anger the Sanyasi, for all at once, he trembled, snarled and opened his eyes, which were large and blood-shot, and glaring at Kesavan up in the branches, shouted in a fearful voice, that sounded like the peal of thunder:

"I curse you, you wicked little boy, for breaking my prayers. Fall down from that branch and never move again." Upon that Kesavan, whether from fear at the angry face and voice of the old Sanyasi, or from the affect of the curse, promptly fell, and lay as one dead, while the Sadhu looked at him and laughed gleefully.

Raman, who had watched this scene as one paralysed, suddenly began to scream, "Kesavan is dead," and ran towards the village like one possessed.

It took the villagers fully ten minutes to understand him, and then they came running to the old Banyan tree, and saw Kesavan lying there as one dead. The old Sanyasi had by now renewed his meditations. In vain did they try to bring Kesavan back to life, but he had broken his colour-bone and was unconscious.

"Propitiate the spirit of the old Banyan tree," they cried, and so the villagers brought fruit and flowers, and broke cocoanuts at the Sanyasi's feet, and bowing before him, besought him to take back his curse. Then Kesavan's father and mother lay prostrate before him and prayed to him so much with tears in their eyes, that at last the Sanyasi was moved to compassion, and said in a low gruff voice: "All right. Take him to the hospital. He will be well again in a month; but never let him come near the old Banyan tree again."

So Kesavan was treated by the doctor, and in due course regained consciousness, and was able to walk about after a month. You may be sure, however, that he never went near the old Banyan tree again, although he felt a little triumphant, for Raman had given him his rupee and he had been the only one in all the village who had dared to make the spirit of the old Banyan tree talk.

—PUNKAJAM

II

THINGS TO KEEP YOU OCCUPIED

AUGUST is the month when hundreds upon hundreds of graduates will take their degrees. Perhaps some of you

may have a friend among these graduates. Would it not be a good idea, then, to show your appreciation of her having passed, by giving her a small gift? I was looking through an American Magazine this morning, and I came across a very appropriate present which you can make with your own hands, as a gift for a girl Graduate. Handkerchiefs are always a useful present, and if you make them yourself, their value is enhanced. Here is a nice design for a girl graduate handkerchief, which you can work in one corner.

You can outline this in any coloured thread you like.

—PARIJATAM

COMPETITIONS

I
IN THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

A competition is announced for essays of not more than 1200 words on the subject: "What sort of education is needed for Indian women?" Attention must be paid more to details than generalities. The prize for the best essay will be Rs. 20/- (twenty). Each essay should be accompanied by a special coupon of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, as given below. The latest date of receipt is September 15, 1934.

Coupon. In submitting my essay on "What sort of education is needed for Indian Women?" I agree to accept the decision of the Editors of the Indian Ladies' Magazine as finally binding. I leave my essay at their disposal."

Name and address:—

Copies of this number of the Indian Ladies' Magazine can be had from the Editor, Chittoor. Each copy is 8 annas.

Applications should be made with stamps or an M. O.

The name of the winner will appear in the September—October issue.

The winning essay will be published in the November—December number.

—Editor, Indian Ladies' Magazine.

II
BY THE NEW HISTORY SOCIETY

We bring to the notice of our readers the three prizes of 300, 200, and 100 dollars, offered by the New History Society of New York, for the three best essays of 1200 words, on the subject: "How can youth contribute to the realization of a Universal religion?" This competition is open to the entire youth of Asia, men and women, up to the age of thirty.

This is the fourth competition of the History Society. The first was in 1932 on the subject of "*World Peace,*" offered to the University students of the United States The second was on the "***Realization of a United States of the world,***" offered to students of Europe. The third was on the "***Reconstruction of the Human Commonwealth,***" offered to the students of South

and Central America, Mexico, the West Indies and adjacent islands. Other competitions will be organized for Canada, Australia, Africa, New Zealand, etc.

The New History Society was started in 1929, at New York, by Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler and Mirza Ahmad Sohrab. It has now a membership of 2000, and has organized groups in various important centres of the world. It is said to be "an inter-denominational, inter-national and inter-racial movement, bringing together religions, races and countries in efforts to establish a common peace. "The New History Society is principled on the universal and constructive ideals of Baha-U-Llah and Abdul Baha, two great spiritual Teachers of the East who appeared in the last century, announcing a new era in which peace, happiness and prosperity shall be shared by every man, woman and child on the face of the earth. It is a *free* and *independent* effort, intended to work and to co-operate with all progressive causes which have the betterment of humanity as their guiding purpose. It intends to strive without rest for a social commonwealth based on order, justice, liberty and truth."

A number of lectures have been delivered by eminent people. As the prospectus says, "such personalities as Rabindranath Tagore, Albert Einstein, Professor John Dewey, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, John Haynes Holmes, Sir E. Denison Ross, Dr. P. C. Chang, Claude Bragdon, Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, Helen Keller, Margaret Sanger, Halide of Turkey, Madame Malaterre-seller, Monsieur Henry-Pate, Vice-President of the Chamber of Deputies of France, Professor W. E. Rappard of the University of Geneva, Fenner Brockway, Oswald Garrison Villard, Devere Allen, Syud Hossain, Pandit J. C, Chatterje, Hon. V. J. Patel, and other leaders of progressive movements, have spoken from its platform."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Remedy for Sun-burn

Most well-to-do Indian women lead sheltered lives, with the result that they have no fear of being sun-burnt. With the modern tendency for out-door sport, however, and the desire to lead a healthy open-air life, the remedy for sun-burn which we give below may come in useful. I came across it in a very useful book called, "The woman's book."

Take ½ oz. of powdered borax and dissolve it in ½ pint of rose water. To this add 1 oz of lemon juice and shake thoroughly. Then add another ½ pint of rose water. Clean the skin thoroughly with some cold cream and dab the mixture over it with cotton wool.

Remedy for premature grey hair

The following mixture should be made up, and the roots of the hair massaged every night with it.

Mixture :— Mix 10 oz. of caster oil and 4 oz. of good ean de cologne and shake well, as the two ingredients do not mix together. The mixture should be shaken every day, before use.

—*Paddy*

NEEDLE WORK NOTES

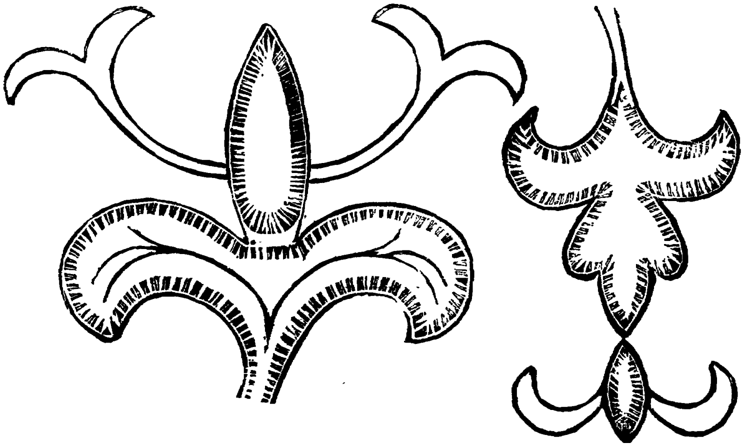
An Applique border

The foundation may be of silk, velvet, linen etc. The applied stuff must be such as to stand out well.

Spread some thin white paste with a brush on some fine tissue paper. Lay the material to be applied on it, and smooth down carefully with a clean handkerchief. Fix flat till dry.

The outlines can be laid down either with a cord of D. M. C. cotton, or gold and silver threads, lightly twisted together, or with special stitching.

After the materials are dry, fasten the appliques with small overcast stitches. Then sew the cord round the edges, with invisible stitches slipped into the middle of



the cord (which can be opened out slightly at each stitch). Or a very regular flat stitch can be used instead of the cord.

Then let it dry between several sheets of paper on a flat board, under heavy weights.

Now, on the foundation, draw out a complete pattern. On the applied material, trace out the pieces to be applied, and cut out carefully, so as not to make the edges ragged. Fix the foundation on a frame (this must be done in strips for a long border); and place each cut-out figure (pasted before hand on the wrong side) into its place.

The foundation in this pattern can be of red silk: the applique of a deep yellow gold satin; the flat stitching in a shade to match the red of the foundation. The stalks and leaves and the veinings can be done in green.

FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD ANTI-PURDAH POETESS

ZEBUNISSA BEGUM, a fifteen-year-old Muslim girl, is a promising poetess and the following extract from her poem, "An appeal to the men and women of India," for the abolition of purdah, is typical of her early talent.

From behind the purdah oh, women of India, hie,
In your goodness does India's future lie.
God made for us all this beautiful world,
Arise! let the banners of freedom be unfurled.
Why should you behind the purdah fret,
For freedom which you fail to get?

BY COURTESY OF THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA

SPECIAL INTEREST TO LADIES

In the heart of every woman lies the natural desire to be attractive and well dressed.

A fine collection of Sarees and other goods, specially for Ladies' wear, in fine colors and design, are exhibited to suit everyone's taste.

SELECT YOUR OWN Choice goods and satisfy yourself

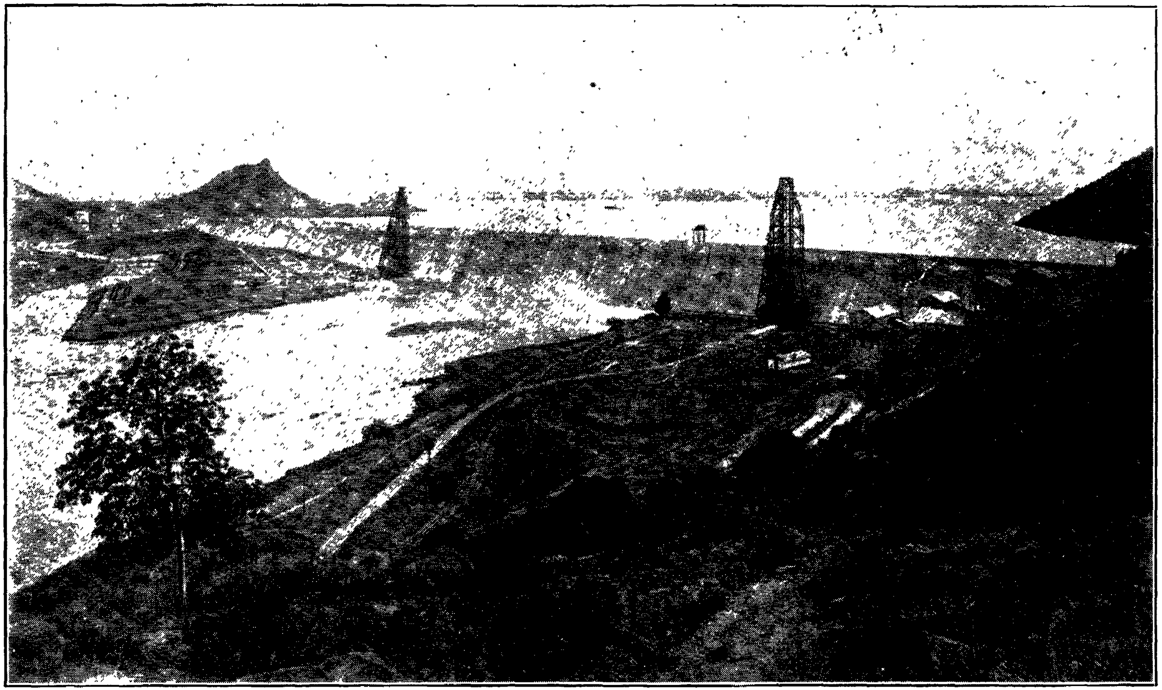
KEWALRAM CHELLARAM

KEWALRAM'S

THE WHITE SHOP

9-11, RATTAN BAZAAR, MADRAS.

The Mettur Dam



A new lake 59 square miles in area, 165 feet deep and containing 93,000 million cubic feet of water. The river enters the lake 33 miles upstream from the dam.

27 OCT 1934